

Oath of the Goat by Vinnie Paz

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[Intro]

One neighborhood will put their barrio on the wall and then, you know, we come in, write next to it or cross em out and they'll cross us back out. And then it gets into um, you know, maybe a fist fight and then maybe guys will get knifed behind it and then shooting and then someone dies. And you know they might wanna get back at us and if they do get back at us we might go down and kill two of em. Then they'll come back and maybe get one of us and we'll go back and get two or three more. It just goes on and on. It don't stop

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

Homie, you can call me hot furnace

ILL BILL AKA Nocturnus

Walk up to you at point blank range and pop burners

Walk away like nothing happened

Walking while I'm clapping, laughing while I'm talking

Awesome with the Magnum, spasm with the four-fifth, caution with the asthma

The OG kush we smoke will send your lungs into a spasm

Live fast and we die young, a bunch of live guns

Get your mind flung through space and time

When we rhyme run for the hills Iron Maiden, die in pain

Have your entire society rioting

Flipping over cars violently then fiery

The double gun salute, a hundred guns asking, "Who the fuck is you?"

We the top tier, you could get your head popped here

Stop there, we could earth you and nobody would care

And that's deeper than an unborn

In the womb of a prawn at the bottom of the Indian Ocean in the calm

[Interlude]

What's the worst thing you can imagine? And they'll tell me a shotgun suicide. I'll say, okay yeah shotgun suicide. A person hadn't been found for six weeks. They lived in filth, they were a junkie, they had an animal that was eating them for six weeks. That animal died and then we get called

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'll go anywhere I want, I don't have clearance

Carnivore, don't eat anything that don't have parents

I'm Jihadist, I go to war with God-fearers

Elohim, Rosicrucians, and cross-bearers
I don't sign up for war, it's no enlistment papers
My hands fast, they pyrotechnic initiators
I don't have any close friends, just distant neighbors
'Cause I don't listen to Christians or crucifixion wavers
I don't listen to anyone that ain't been to war
I don't listen to anyone if they ain't been poor
I ain't ever going back to where I been before
And I ain't going fucking back to lose, win, or draw
Tell your whole fucking fam Vinnie P a problem
And my four-fifth sick, it got a sneezing problem
It's the Heavy Metal Kings, you know that we a problem
And y'all ain't saying shit, now y'all have a breathing problem, yeah, ahahahahaha
Heavy Metal Kings
BILLY Ocean, Vincent Price
Ahahahahaha....
Heavy Metal Kings! Rahhh!

[Outro]

Certainly no one wants to be overly-dramatic about it or glorify it, but to be a gang member is to be a soldier in a guerrilla war. For those who fight it the war no less dangerous and bloody than World War 2 or Vietnam. There is no one enemy, but several, and these enemies are not in some distant land or far-away stronghold. They're across the street, down the road, up the hill, around the corner, all around. There are [?] battles, neutralized? combat with large forces, darkened schoolyards, parks. There's night-time bushwhacking and ambushing. The enemy streaking by in cars, guns blazing or taking careful aim from some secure vantage point, or leaping from hiding places with knives, boards, or shanks...